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OUR VILLAGE.



A POEM,

By John M. Richmond. ✓

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THOMPSONVILLE, CONN.

PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHER.

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INTRODUCTION.

TO MY FRIENDS:

I come again before you, and still hope to meet with your approbation. I have spent the Winter months gathering materials for this work, and have made it as perfect as I can, but I do not flatter myself that it is perfection yet, with every jewel fitly set, and it is said, the fairest flower and the purest gem, is not without some flaw of imperfection.

I graduated with the click of the shuttle and the music of the jaquard in my ears, and my tutors were the lords of the looms, etc. They have gone the way of all the earth, but the new main building still stands, a monument of the founder—

*“His works, his monument, his blame or praise,
While weavers wander through its crooked ways.”*

But now I leave you ; and, if it is not as perfect as it should be, let us all hope that some more able one will appear before long, a better representative of the “sacred nine,” than your humble servant. And, shall we not all then greet him with a smile of approbation, and rejoice that the future is more full of the promise of fruition than the past? We shall have no grain of envy in it.

THE AUTHOR.

OUR VILLAGE.

I turn to Thompsonville, built on little hills,
Supplied with weaving rooms and spinning mills,
Where smiling Spring comes in the flowery May,
And Autumn's leaves are crown'd on Christmas day.
Sweet, smiling village in the lovely June,
Where oft I walk'd beneath the shining moon;
How often have I walked o'er cottage green,
Where toiling happiness enjoyed the scene;
How often lingered o'er its smiling charms,
The Swiss built cot and Enfield's cultured farms;
The brook that flowed, that run the upper mill,
The Doctor's church, beyond the rising hill,
How often sat beneath the elm trees
And drank in health from every passing breeze,
Joyed with the birds that sung among the boughs,
Enjoyed the flower decked fields and fragrant rose.
How have I wished for a happy day
To saunter 'round the smiling fields in May,
To catch the finny tribe along the brook,
Well pleased when dangling on the steely hook;
Swimming the river, sport among the waves
Warm'd from his fires, kiss'd by the solar rays,
Strawberries pick beneath the spring-dyed grass,
To please thy sister, what a bonnie lass;
Wander around till fancy whispers home,
Content to rest, nor longer wish to roam.
With sports like these, that pleased wondrous well,
We rose more cheerful to our daily toil,
Rambling around, if seldom but a day,
How much it lightens labor on our way;
In thoughts entwined, we seldom strayed from home,
But all those days are past, those pastimes gone.
Sweet, smiling village, seen from off the hills,
No more thy smiling waters turn the mills,
No more thy waters run with rapid pace
To turn Moore's wheel below the flowing race.
One corporation owns the whole domain
Where once were fields of corn and waving grain;
One corporation grasps with iron hand
All the broad acres and the well tilled land—
All did I say, yea, most from end to end
That fills their coffers, swells their dividend,
To riot fat on full plethoric gains,
Fatted from labors of our youth's and wean's.
Now the strong engine runs the ponderous looms
Ranged in lines all through the spacious rooms,

The brook no more supplies their wide domain
 Except to wash the wool from Syria's plain,
 Or dye the colors, varied as the flowers
 That deck our gardens and our Summer bowers;
 It turns the grist stones near the painted store,
 We seldom fail to hear the grinders roar,
 Nor fails to serve, while through its waters glide
 The silver swan, in all her airy pride,
 The hand loom shuttles all have ceased to whack
 Where weavers on their leather seats once sat,
 Except to weave the samples for the times
 Of various figures, patterns, many kinds;
 Of those who sat, some still presume to roam,
 Shifting from shifts, without a friend or home.
 No more the red shop's fires warm up the rooms,
 Where the venitian graced the wooden looms,
 Where green boned youth their shuttlings wove away
 From morning's light until the light was gray,
 Contented with their lot, nor wished to roam
 O'er the broad lands of their adopted home.
 Here youths and gray beards dane'd on the lean lank sticks,
 While the strong lay beat up the linen picks;
 Full forty yards I've shuttled in a day,
 From morning's light until the light was gray,
 But one exceeded that by twenty more,
 When on the race well pleased to turn his bore;
 How these arms ached while turning 'round the beam,
 The heavy warps that should been turn'd by steam.
 The tufted rugs are here no longer found
 Sprinkled with buds and blooms on a dark ground,
 Ample its surface, various as the sky,
 Art's skilful hand here emulates the dye,
 Decked with th' warm colors of the arched bow,
 The lighting's flash through wool, and tuft and tow;
 How many scenes in nature and in art
 The lively colors on the field impart,
 Here, broken clouds fly on the windy wings,
 While Summer's leaves are whirling 'round in rings,
 There, lilies grace a calm and peaceful scene
 By modern art, as once in Eden seen;
 'Tis said they toil not, neither do they spin,
 Nor borrow trouble growing near a linn,
 Here, on its ground are rabbits eating grass
 Fed from the hand of yon blithe bonnie lass,
 Why, here's a wind mill, whirling void of fear,
 Whirling around through all the restless year!
 The Axminster suits these scenes best,
 Their texture finer in the genteel dress,
 And more their colors show as will be found
 As golden sweets upon a silver ground;
 It shows on this kind more than all the rest
 As colors show upon the swan's soft breast,

As what I now relate will sweetly show
 How art and nature makes the colors glow.
 A story's told, a story so they say,
 A horned creature traveling on its way,
 Saw on the rug's soft face some new mown grass
 And broke the windows for a quiet repast,
 Wove on the Axminster ground so true,
 The blades were freighted with the morning dew.
 But now we change the scene and here we stand,
 Upon the highways old familiar land,
 There where yon piles of brick each other top,
 Stood once the sober weaver's long white shop,
 Along the road the highway for our time,
 Fenced 'round with pickets near the foot-pad line,
 A clock dots distance from the flowing brook,
 The pathways hardened by the weaver's foot;
 Two solid rocks assisted to the door,
 On opening which, you heard the deafening roar
 Of shuttles gliding through the worsted warp,
 To knit its texture strong in every part,
 Of shuttles filled with the various dyes,
 Mingling their beauties while the threads arise,
 Figures and colors blending in their place,
 Of grave importance on the web's smooth face,
 All o'er its surface from the many dye's,
 The gorgeous colors glow, the figures rise,
 The painter's art and dyer's both combine
 As rivals on the field each other shine,
 And set each other off as each the chief,
 Till time's impression fades all as the leaf.
 To think of all the figures in the loom,
 Would be a task to last from morn till noon;
 To tell of all the figures now that's here
 And nature dress'd might take a short half year.
 These will suffice, imagine all the rest,
 Of mingling beauties on the carpet's breast,
 But all those workers gone, the fingers tap
 That sent the shuttles through the open gap,
 Now all the hand work's done the workers fled,
 Some lie in congregations of the dead—
 Of those that live some memories won't impart
 An hours enjoyment to the poor man's heart,
 Of wanderings weary 'round a world of care,
 Sometimes in plenty, or in meagre fare,
 The next the eye, the art, the hand will lead,
 Where the brown goats upon the hill-side feed.
 And where yon building towering up on high
 Points with its cornucopia to the sky,
 For many a year a building it has been,
 And still a building, 'though it's rent between,
 And still it towers up to the spangled sky,

Its walls all rent, impregn'd with steaming dye
 Washed from the waters from the brooklet's shore,
 Sprinkled with spray from off the mill dam's roar;
 There, many a day the noisy three ply looms
 Ranged in rows all through the spacious rooms,
 Turn'd out the cloth that might a Prince suffice,
 Decked o'er with beauties from the painter's dyes;
 A Princess' dainty foot would shrink to tread
 The mingling beauties on the groundred bed,
 Yet still may pluck a flower for her fair breast,
 To please the Prince upon her velvet vest,
 As Eve in Eden, gave her Lord to please,
 Fresh from our Lord's own hand the Lord of these.
 Now, all the looms are eaten by times' tooth,
 Where gray beards wove and young men in their youth,
 Yes, all are eaten by the tooth of time,
 Of all the kinds, the super and the fine;
 And all the knighted cloth and blushing dye
 As blasted lilies in the garden lie;
 The tread mill boys have grown to manhood's prime,
 Almost forgotten in the lapse of time;
 Not all, for now and then a face is seen,
 Where still the young child heart is fresh and green,
 And still it's pleasing for to see a face,
 Where well tried virtues still adorn our race;
 The fathers gone, some few adorn the spot
 Where lived and died a stern but noble lot
 Of men who revered God's unchanging truth,

Magna est, veritas, et prevalabit,

Of lessons learned in their early youth,
 Long may they live, their crown of glory gray,
 To show our blooming youths the better way.
 The founder's gone, a stately man was he
 When at his best, as one does seldom see;
 As some tall cedar towers among the trees,
 Spreads wide its branches waving in the breeze,
 Defies the storms sent from the regions cold,
 It stands secure, its roots 'round the rocks have hold,
 It lives in verdure through its storm tost fears,
 A standing landmark for a hundred years,
 So he towered high among the sons of men
 As Anak, noted by the sacred pen;
 'Though in his grave, his works still speak his name
 While others reap his labors in their gain;
 His name is 'graved on all the village lands
 As with a pen engraved with his hands,
 His works, his monument, his blame, or praise,
 While weavers wander through its crooked ways.
 Ill fares our land, as some think so to-day,
 Where wealth accumulates, virtues decay;
 Where concrete powers wave high their little rods,
 Fools shake and shiver at the little gods

In all their arrogance seen at first sight,
 They fear the strong, but brave the weak for fight,
 As the brave Russ, he lords it o'er the Turk,
 To carve fat Turkeys up, their noblest work,
 That fattens still their carcass 'round this earth,
 More fat they grow, still less their lean souls worth;
 They prey on weekly factions as they rise,
 Their selfish aims speak through their wolfish eyes;
 But let us bless the tillers of the field,
 The men who hold the plough, the pen, our shield,
 The bulwark of the State, our source of wealth,
 Our public credit, and the nation's health.
 Our fleeting life is centered in the soil,
 The source of commerce from the tiller's toil;
 Our factories may flourish or may fade,
 Smile in their profits, wither in the shade
 If sheep find not their food on plains and hills,
 Where are your factories or woolen mills?
 Where are the clothes to keep your body warm
 In Winter's cold-rife breath and angry storm?
 Yes, where the robes the fair ones' form to shield
 When streams are rocks, and snow chills every field;
 But clothed in these they laugh at boreas strong
 Who sends his stingers in the northern storm.
 Its blades of grass that runs your woolen mills
 From fleecy flocks, fed on the distant hills,
 The bloom upon the cheek of yon fair lass
 Is blooming from the milk of tender grass;
 The robe that's folded 'round her lovely form,
 Its source from grass, or little silken worm,
 And much of all that builds her slender frame
 Who can deny from the same source it came;
 So now we see what builds a modest lass,
 It's nailed with scripture, she's made up of grass:
 From little things they grow, on lacteous streams,
 Ethereal food and Summer's golden beams;
 Oh mothers, thank God for the lambs in flocks
 Who lend your little ones their fleecy coats;
 The land's the nursing mother of us all,
 Her heart is ever open to our call,
 The king, the prince, the peasant, and the child,
 Each, all depend upon the tiller's toil;
 The milk of grass, the flower of waving corn
 Fills up the wish, fills high the plenteous horn,
 Gold is but dross in this our bitter strife,
 Cold and inert, all void the germ of life,
 'Though useful for exchange in commerce's mart
 But oh how seldom does it melt the heart,
 Except the dews and showers bring forth life's store,
 Gold cannot save us, stranded on time's shore;
 This brings to mind what wrecked sailors bold
 Once said of corn, we cannot eat the gold.

Yet, in the calm and peaceful walks of time,
 Despise it not, it is the royal coin,
 And hunger is urgent and will be fed,
 In choosing which, men leave the gold for bread;
 But what's this little life to that beyond,
 Less than a farthing to a million pound—
 And this reminds me of that story told,
 How Israel's sons fell through a lust of gold,
 While Israel's sons were wandering forty years
 For sin enveloped in a cloud of fears,
 Gold was despised for the life within,
 They prayed for corn in plenty in the bin;
 Their prayer was heard, the silvery seeds were found
 In showers of plenty, whitening all the ground,
 From Angel's lands the manna fell in showers,
 A welcome sight around their desert bowers,
 The golden showers all lifeless, worthless lies,
 But Angel's food enlighten all their eyes.
 Ye rural sons aspiring to the town,
 Leave not the plough or coat of sober brown,
 However times may change, scorn not the farm,
 The modest cottage and the well filled barn.
 But times are changeing, men hunt metals now
 And scorn the loom, their hold upon the plough,
 Their sister twins embraced in other days,
 And crowned each other with the laurel bays.
 Our sires once wore the products of their looms
 For warmth, for body and for parlor rooms,
 And were well pleased with luxuries of the field
 And with the modest eot from storms a shield
 Which their strong arms had raised in early prime,
 Nor ne'er had thought or wish'd in courts to shine,
 In glittering tinsel, glittering in brocade,
 But proud to wear the stuff their hands had made,
 Nor ne'er aspired to strut in city style,
 Mincing on tiptoe on the paving tile;
 But now their sons aspire to hold the quill,
 Mix up the drugs and turn the drastic pill,
 Look grave at fountains, while the soda flows
 To cure a stomach mixed with many woes,
 Or hand the potion to the lecherous tribe
 Who long ago have left their youthful guide,
 A counter jumper, measuring Merrimack,
 Gaze through the fair ones eyes and laugh and chat,
 Sit in the office, smoke, and read the news,
 Comment on sittings of the Plymouth pews,
 Dance on the stage the light gyrating toe,
 Pleased with applause from circles high or low;
 If one shift fail, then try a puffing store,
 Puff in the custom, whiff it out the door,
 Or fill a demijon with mixed brands
 To ease the bleatings of the feeble lambs,

When all shifts fail, then venture on the pool,
 The pigeon plucked, the luckless man's a fool;
 How well t'wood be the lucky man would mend,
 At times consider of his latter end.
 But now we change the scene, and travel on
 As mariners in the sunshine or the storm,
 Near Session Hall, on plains where toilers toiled,
 And by their evening cares their garden smiled,
 There thinking lately of the by-gone days,
 The toils of youth, the shuttles and the lays,
 The house where once I lived, and of the well
 We drank the waters from the cocoa's shell,
 There once that willow stood, no longer stands
 That monument of our paternal lands;
 Full well I know the place where once it stood,
 A grove of leafy, weeping waving wood;
 How often have I sat beneath its shade
 And listened to the songs the songsters made;
 How often sat there in the cooling breeze
 When leaves were young upon the aged trees,
 And often stood there on a Sabbath day
 While children from the school were on their way
 Just loosed from school, their soft cheeks all aglow
 As fresh blown roses on a sheet of snow;
 They sometimes drank the waters from the well
 In the clean dipper from the painted pail,
 Well pleased to drink out of the cocoa's shell
 Grown in Arabia, where the camels dwell;
 It's now filled up, no more its fountain flows
 To cheer the traveller, or refresh the rose,
 Still as I stand wak'd memory still recalls
 The hours I spent within these wooden walls,
 And still they stand as in the former days,
 The walks still hardening 'round the winding ways,
 And still are hardening as in days of yore,
 But these their owners were, are now no more;
 The garden still smiles in the changing June
 And still will smile while dews refresh the bloom,
 The vines still grow, 'though crooked, trimmed in shape,
 Where hung in clusters full the luscious grape,
 Nor fails to bear, while from the sun's warm ray
 Their seeds are ripened from the perfect day,
 Long since that peach tree's dead, where on its boughs
 The blossoms bloomed while vieing with the rose,
 Deeked as a bride adorned in her room,
 The bride groom's joy while in her youthful bloom,
 So was this garden's joy, this tree in white,
 In early June it was a lovely sight.
 Some things are ever lovely in the mind,
 This tree to me, the loveliest of its kind;
 And does that old sour apple tree still stand
 So near the house on the paternal land?

Yes, still it stands, that old sour apple tree,
 But bears no tempting fruit for you or me,
 But fruit corrosive, acrimonious, sharp
 As bitter words envenomed, vex the heart,
 Repulsive fruit in every form and feature,
 Such fruit it bore ne'er tempt'd a human creature,
 Repulsive fruit in every form and shape
 Was scarcely seen from Mt. Tom to the Cape;
 Twisted and turn'd its shape from right to left,
 An awry hole was in the center cleft
 And all through rotted to the very core
 From weary laborings of the guilty bore,
 Its face all o'er was marred here and there
 And yet some parts appeared fresh and fair,
 Which seen at distance might deceive a boy
 Until he climb the tree and lost his joy;
 When out the crawlers in the lighted part
 Crawled out, like sin, detesting such a heart.
 Some human hearts are so, and more and more
 Lamentable sight, sin rotten to the core,
 But probe this heart, a pearl may be found
 Hid in the vein, pure, radiant and sound,
 But well it needs the word to strike the vein,
 A fitting word, all others else in vain.
 And still we move along the varied scene,
 Through summer, autumn, winter's evergreen,
 When winter days were short and nights were long
 The skaters skated on the frozen pond,
 The snow birds flew and peck'd before the door
 Through winter's surly blasts and stormy roar.
 And still they fly, the helpless little things,
 How could they fly without a pair of wings?
 Poor little things, no shelter from the storm
 Nor little house to live in, filled with corn.
 Dear little children, spare the birds the crumbs
 Of bread and butter from your butter'd thumbs,
 And while revolving of the winter's cold
 The sheep are huddled in the sunny fold,
 While bells are sounding in the wintry air,
 Our reverend sire sits in his old arm chair
 Beside the mother, in her joys or fears,
 Mending or darning, cutting with her shears.
 The cats are happy laying on the rug,
 All curled up around the corner snug,
 Resolved no doubt to make the best of life
 And live in peace avoiding feline strife;
 The birds their warbling notes our ears engage,
 Delighted with their newly painted cage,
 Their signs of life around the parlor room,
 The carpets woven, from the super loom,
 The clock is ticking, showing signs of life,
 It tells the dinner hour for the good wife,

And still it ticks all night until the morn,
 It points at twelve, when farmers blow their horn,
 And, as a sand glass, in a summer's bower,
 It seldom fails to tell the passing hour;
 It warns us too, our time is passing by,
 Its honest face disdains to tell a lie;
 The pictures serve their place along the wall,
 There, Wellington, that joyed in Bony's fall,
 There, Walter Scott, his dog lies at his feet,
 He seems but half awake, or half asleep;
 Roll seems to wait to run at his command,
 While Walter reads the paper in his hand.
 His master sits, he has a noble head,
 The air and manners of a man well-bred,
 He scans his paper with a searching eye,
 As if t'was possible the print might lie.
 There Avon's bard hangs over Walter's fire,
 His fingers sweetly tun'd the silver lyre,
 Shields and scabbards, bugles and horns,
 The armor of war in all sorts of forms,
 In all sorts of shapes, scattered all 'round the room,
 There's a shield on the floor as round as the moon,
 A brazen tough targe and bound with bull hide
 Had often with vigor turned grim death aside,
 There, gleamed in sight the dagger so bright,
 Gleaming for vengeance in the fire light,
 And hung on the wall the famous cross bow
 That sent the keen arrow that pierced the foe,
 A battle-axe lay on the oaken floor
 That often had cleft the thick skull of the boor,
 And silver darts on the table were seen,
 They glisten'd and glowed in the sun's warm beam,
 And here on the table was laid the bound book
 Beside his arm chair one lay at his foot,
 The things in their place adorned the room,
 The carpet was wove in the brussel loom,
 Some things in their place adorned for use,
 Some trifles of things disorder'd and loose;
 His cane was at hand when off for the town,
 Its head was adorn'd with a golden crown,
 And still how much of all this ancient lore,
 A diamond pen might paint it, more and more,
 Our Mary's sampler hung along the wall,
 Wrought with her crotchet from the worsted ball.
 Some day she hopes to be a Queen,
 Where the joys are ever green,
 Where the heart is never sad,
 Rejoicing always, ever glad.

OUR MARY.

Our Mary is a little pearl
 Shining in the glorious land,
 Her eyes like Angel's, heaven's blue,
 The pearl is set, her crown is new,
 Her heart now pure, her hands are clean,
 Our sister Mary's now a queen;
 Her crown is filled, with jewels done,
 She got it from the Blessed One.
 Sister with the flowing locks
 Shining like the golden rocks,
 If crowned, a Mary never weeps
 Walking on the golden streets.
 Oh, Mary! what a joyous queen,
 The like on earth was never seen;
 Her mansion has a boundless dome,
 Oh! heaven, heaven is her home;
 Her Father's smile, how full of sweets?
 Our Mary walks the golden streets;
 Walk on, walk on, now blessed one,
 Our Father's smile is heaven's sun,
 Oh, happy, happy, happy day!
 Oh, what a wondrous destiny!
 But all the Mary's, there are queens
 The like on earth was never seen.

Here, in his home, his parlor room, his chair,
 Our sire, he sits, his face is fresh and fair,
 Content and pleased 'though now the children gone,
 In his old age, to have a house and home,
 And wait till heaven's will did think it best
 To take him to his everlasting rest;
 His hair by time's impression now grows white,
 His eyes still shone with intellectual light,
 Time's hand had spared him in the nobler part,
 'Though worn in years, young was the cheerful heart.
 A man of peace, he seldom had a foe,
 His heart could melt and feel a brother's woe,
 Could bear a wrong and pity him who gave,
 Nor would revenge, in straits would rather save,
 Yet could reprove but only to correct,
 When done, inspiring each with more respect;
 He feared God and loved his fellow man
 And hated all pretence, unseemly sham,
 Firm in the right, could yield if in the wrong,
 His best convictions he revered, were strong;
 Kindly and genial in the social hour,
 He could not crawl or cringe to place or power,
 True to his friend, his neighbor and his God
 He lived, untill he left this earthly load;

To say he had no faults would be unkind,
 The gold will have its dross until refined.
 How quick he left this world of care and strife,
 Earth has its own, the man lived in the life;
 Homes here are left for sweeter homes of love,
 Grace lives here in the bud, but blooms above.
 But still I will proceed my theme to sing,
 And may the spirit lend the lightsome wing.
 Lives there a man who feels his work is done,
 Who does not wish the warmth of heaven's sun?
 But now for rest, safe through another week,
 Working with hands, or brains, or weary feet,
 In all life's changing scenes, the traveller's rest,
 Prepares for Sabbath, by the inner dress;
 'Though days of weeks, important in life's scene,
 In memory's halls, the Sabbaths are more green;
 How memory wakeful, still her visit pays,
 The memories of the past, those Sabbath days.
 Sweet were those days, as up aurora rose
 And chased before him all his flying foes;
 Well were those days, and now the thought recalls
 Those days of praise, through all the cotter's halls,
 Sweet were our neighbor's notes as on the wing
 Their praise ascends unto the only King.
 My ears salute not now the songs of praise,
 Lord unto Thee, the Ancient of Days,
 Who said let their be light, the light came forth
 To cheer the stinted Summers of the North.
 Upon those days, the sires their flocks around,
 Let's worship God, they say, with solemn sound;
 The song ascends, the warbling notes arise,
 Their morning's song, their morning's sacrifice,
 Leal hearts are stirred with the sacred fire,
 Their souls ascend on wings of strong desire
 And soar aloft as on the eagle's wing;
 Their hearts rejoice for joy in every string,
 To him who bathes the lilies in the morning dew
 And decks their bosom with the blushing hue;
 Their hearts are fired with the noblest praise
 To Him who is the Ancient of Days,
 And from the heart, the mind, the soul on wing,
 In solemn thoughts, in unison they sing.

MORNING HYMN.

Our souls ascend ethereal, sacred heights
 And drink in draughts of pure celestial air;
 Expand thy wings, may hope's bright colors glow,
 Lord keep us 'neath Thy feathers here below;
 In heights above, or down the valleys deep,
 Lord, when awake, or when we are wrapped in sleep,
 All through the day, be Thou our guiding light,

May Bethlehem's star direct us in the night
 And lead us by the hand to pastures full,
 Sit at Thy feet and learn in Jesus' school,
 Nor never wander from the Good Shepherd's fold,
 Walk by Thy side upon the streets of gold
 And sing Thy praises in that happy clime
 Where grows unmixed the ever sacred wine;
 Drink to the full of pleasures, never cloy,
 And drink again the never ending joy.
 Till all our souls are on fire and take their wing
 Where Gabriel sits and tunes the ethereal string,
 Till heaven's high arches ring the echoes 'round
 God's image, that once was lost but now is found.

The song well done, they read the sacred page,
 The well thumb'd Book, it shows the marks of age,
 They read the word revealed by our Lord,
 The ever sacred word, the Word of God,
 Of how He died to save a ruined race,
 Yes, died for whosoever seeks His face,
 And sought and found, now one of the elect,
 In sweet fruition crown'd, with glory deck'd,
 Of how He melted many a hardened heart
 Which well received, they choose the better part,
 That blessed part that glowed in Lydia's soul,
 To live in glory while the worlds roll,
 That lifted up till soaring on the wing
 She sings aloud, she could not help but sing.

LYDIA'S SONG.

My lover, Jesus is His name,
 The faithful friend, He has my heart,
 With cords of love always the same;
 My Lord and me will never part,
 He won me with a tender smile,
 His look did fill my heart with joy,
 In His great heart there is no guile,
 Let every tongue His praise employ.
 I have His promise and His seal,
 He will take me to His own sweet home,
 Within my heart this truth I feel
 Though I should walk this earth alone;
 Thus fed, my soul can never fail
 To magnify His glorious name
 While waters flow o'er hill and dale
 My love will always be the same.

The reading done with serious face,
 All cheerful bow before the throne of grace
 To Him who bathes the lily in the morning dew
 And decks their bosom with a blushing hue,
 That He may guide us in the Christian race,
 And Oh! be sure to fill our souls with grace

And arm us with the armor from above,
 The feeling heart, the conquering look of love,
 And when we are through in this round world as found,
 In sweet fruition may our hopes be crowned,
 And live for ever to Thy glorious praise,
 To Thee alone the Ancient of Days.
 This service past, well pleased if not too long,
 They now prepare to church, to sing the song,
 While many sons and daughters on their way
 With little children, keep the Sabbath day;
 The pastor's ready for his loving task,
 Strength for his work his loving hearers ask,
 So much of soul and heart, and mind and fire,
 Allured and charmed, his hearers never tire.
 Beside yon trees so fair across the way,
 A welcome shade upon a sultry day,
 The village pastor lived in his prime,
 Beneath his fig tree and his spreading vine.
 I knew him well, our neighbor o'er the way,
 His face was grave, his manner seldom gay,
 A tall and stately man he was to view
 When in the pulpit or the cushioned pew;
 A learned man he was in ancient lore
 And of the modern, little less the store,
 The stars he knew, the wondrous starry frame,
 Their orbits knew, as well as Hervey's name,
 And well could paint the rings on Saturn's shield
 As once engraved on Achille's shield.
 He was a man of peace and loved the calm,
 The student's room, the walk along the lawn,
 When tired with books he changed for the hoe,
 Nor scorned the pitch-fork in the grass cut low,
 Reserved and quiet he lived in his sphere,
 He loved his children and his Saviour dear,
 He was well versed in the Gospel plan,
 His duty to himself, his God and man,
 His head was clear, the scum was off the shell,
 For many a day he reasoned long and well,
 His argument was powerful in his prime,
 Formed to convince, more than in fields to shine;
 His logic, massive, reasonable and just;
 Filled with grains of truth that never rust;
 His little flock was his peculiar care
 And daily food dispensed the weekly fare,
 Milk for the weak, strong meat for the strong,
 Rebuked the erring, showed the way, if wrong;
 Beside the bed where life was near the close
 Inspiring words were heard of sweet repose,
 His word like dew upon the lily's breast
 Refreshed the soul in hopes of endless rest;
 How often have I seen him in his place
 On Sabbath days, with grave and serious face

Expound the Scriptures with a wondrous force
 As wrestlers striving in the Christian course,
 A sweet, persuasive picture he could draw
 Nailed with Scripture and the force of law;
 But this was not his strength we must admit,
 His strength was logic, fired with Holy Writ,
 A mighty man he was as could be found
 In Scripture lore in all the country 'round,
 Firm in the right, could yield if in the wrong,
 Truth was his girdle and his shield was strong,
 True to his flock, his country and his God
 He lived until he left this earthly load.
 This was the man the people went to hear
 In storm and calm through all the busy year,
 On Sabbath days dressed in the Sunday sark
 To church they went, blithe as the morning lark,
 And nodded to each other as they went;
 With rising hearts the day would be well spent,
 The parents and their children in the pew,
 They went with patience for refreshings new,
 The praise ascends inspiring heavenly airs,
 All hearts are lifted off the week-day cares
 And rising up as if on Angel's wings
 The praise ascends unto the King of kings,
 And audience grants, he whispers peace be still,
 Earth's tumults cease, it is our Father's will,
 Comfort comes down the pensive soul to raise
 And all their powers burst forth to swell His praise.
 The song well done, He turns the sacred page,
 The well worn cover shows the marks of age,
 And reads the sacred word with searching eye
 And trusts the Holy Spirit may be nigh,
 And takes his text of the All Wise giver
 Who changeth not, he says I live for ever.
 The reverend man in earnest moves along
 And as he feels it eloquent and strong,
 He tells of Enoch how he walked with God
 Nor left on earth below this earthly load,
 His Father took him to his lasting lot,
 For God is good, His purpose changeth not.
 And Abraham, that mighty man of God,
 His heart all burdened with a heavy load,
 Walk'd up the hill, the gleaming blade in hand,
 His Isaac offers up at God's command;
 His Isaac says, Father, where is the lamb?
 God will provide my son, His heart is warm.
 Onward he moves, he tells of Moses meek,
 On chilling nights he fed his Father's sheep
 Until he heard the voice that sent him on
 To free his brethren from the proud, the strong,
 What voice? God says, the one I am,
 I fill the ocean and sustain the land,

I lead my people, Moses is my man,
 My chosen instrument fulfills my plan,
 I send him forth, I make alive his rod,
 The seas of waters hear the voice of God,
 Their roarings cease, their voice at once is still,
 The waters listen to the Maker's will,
 Rocks hear his voice, streams run as a river,
 He lifts his hand and says I live for ever,
 My people shall come forth, it is my will,
 He says unto earth's sons—stand back, be still;
 They did come forth between the watery walls,
 Safe on the other side, the heaps down falls
 Until they cross'd, the walls stood firm and strong
 Until the last man with joy went on;
 With gladsome thoughts up from the red sea shore
 All shout for joy, for joy the waters roar!
 That shout was heard, and as at Jericho
 The Angels of the Lord the walls laid low
 And swallowed up the proud ones with their boasts,
 It was our Father's will, the Lord of Hosts;
 And all the vaunting crew went to their lot,
 It was our Father's will, He changeth not;
 And still he moves, he tells of Jacob, strong,
 Who wrestled with the Angel all night long
 And would not let him go until he blest
 The weary traveler with a promised rest;
 He did prevail though exiled from his land,
 In Egypt's soil he saw the Angel's hand,
 Though filled with sorrow from the blood dyed coat,
 His spirit spake as if an Angel spoke,
 His father's God in this did think it best
 His trust to try before the promised rest,
 And thus he lived, led by an unseen hand,
 "Though far beyond he sees the promised land;
 Nor more he grieves for Joseph in his place,
 We may be sure he was a son of grace.
 And still he moves into his subject strong,
 Nor does his eager hearers think him long;
 He tells of Joshua's strong and mighty hand,
 Strong to the mighty deeds, went through the land,
 The blessed land filled with the tempting things,
 Kissed by the sun, fanned by the Angel's wings,
 Nerved by the only power from heaven to laugh,
 To drive his foes before him as the chaff,
 Those heartless foes, the doomed men of Ai
 Well may they run, for Joshua's God is nigh;
 How swift they ran, swift as the flying wing,
 But who can fly beyond the only King;
 Now all those kings are as the broken wave
 Broke all to pieces near Makhida's cave,
 Their way now clear, nor Jordon not forgot,
 They give the praise to Him that changeth not;

And still he moves, the fire is in his eye,
 He trusts the God of armies may be nigh.
 He tells of Gideon and his little band
 Three hundred strong went through the enemy's land,
 Till none dare lift the voice or plead the wrong,
 He bounds along as does the lion strong;
 As in a storm the whirling, scattering leaves
 Fly in the winds and stript the trembling trees
 Are scatterd 'round (and fallen may be found),
 So on they flee, their feet scarce touch the ground,
 Their trembling hearts are panting as they go,
 They rue the day they ever faced the foe,
 And as the lion bold bounds on his way,
 Exulting leaps and fastens on his prey
 He rushes on, and 'though the foe may vaunt,
 Glad to escape, (the Midians left their camp)
 And from Bethbara to the sandy shore
 In haste they ran 'till they could run no more;
 And so they fall, without one arm to save,
 One hour in hope, the next they found a grave;
 Now Gideon dwells in safety in his lot,
 We may be sure God's promise changeth not;
 But how we change, as does the lilies fair,
 At morn in health, fresh with the vital air,
 At evening the flush of life is gone,
 The flower beneath the mower's scythe cut down.
 I had a brother once, redeemed by grace,
 Kind was that heart and genial was that face,
 The youthful dye glowed on his downy cheek,
 Light was that heart and buoyant were those feet;
 With hopes as radiant as the rising sun,
 He hoped for many a year his race to run;
 Kind was his heart among his friends at noon,
 How little did he think to leave so soon,
 Another hour the vital spark has sped,
 The flower is withered, all his hopes here fled,
 Our Father in his wisdom thought it best
 To take him to his everlasting rest;
 Thy worth is known in early manhood gone,
 Earth could not keep thee from thine own sweet home,
 But happy day, upon that shoreless shore
 We meet with joy, to say good bye no more.
 We too must cross in that dark ferry-boat,
 We trust to meet the friend that changeth not.
 This service past, the people now move on,
 The parents with their flocks to seek their home,
 Except a few around the reverend man,
 The leader lingers from the choral band
 To show their approbation in their smiles
 Which well received, the Pastor's cares beguiles;
 Well pleased with the pleasures of the day
 Conscious of this, it is the better way.

Oh happy land! where songs of praise consume
 The weekly cares of households, farms and looms,
 Well fares the land where songs of praise arise
 From grateful hearts, the aged and the wise,
 When youthful hearts delight to sing the praise
 Of Him who is the Ancient of Days;
 In scenes like these, the nation's grandeur rise
 By righteousness, exalted to the skies,
 A happy land delighting in the life,
 Sound in its parts, free from intestine strife,
 A blessed land, fed from luxurious soils,
 Firm in all parts, free from all vexing broils,
 And happy men, wise in the higher sense
 As judges should be sitting on the bench,
 In moderation having length of life
 And each rejoicing in his cheerie wife,
 Their James and Jeannies running 'round the vines,
 Their smiling faces with the mothers shines
 And every one just to a father's wish,
 Their little children climbing for a kiss;
 Thus crown'd complete, all reconstructed men,
 In crooked ways thwarts not the Creator's plan.
 Americans, turn from thy crooked ways,
 Be not of those that lived but half their days,
 As it is so with nations of the past
 In reckless ways have lived loose and fast,
 Down, down they sunk, its writ on History's page,
 In folly's ways they lived but half an age.
 And still it's so, as in those early days,
 The nations fall into their crooked ways
 'Till sapp'd their strength, fair liberty lies low,
 In crooked ways they fall beneath the foe
 As some fair youth, bright hopes dance in his eyes,
 Rich by inheritance, in folly, wise;
 He stands high on a pinnacle of time,
 In youthful dreams of wealth he thinks to shine,
 The golden grains and fruits of various dyes
 Wave in his fields in Summer's genial skies,
 Heaps piled on heaps of treasure in his store,
 The golden treasure shines like Opher's ore;
 No lack of all the riches of the soil
 His gold in veins, his springs yield up their oil,
 His lands expanded wide on either hand,
 Far as the eye can reach a goodly land,
 Far as the morning mists in sportive moods,
 Rise with the sun and break in waving woods,
 Or curling on the winds they wanton fly,
 Dissolve in air and mingle with the sky;
 So far, so high, this youth in morning's pride
 Lifts up his eyes on his domain so wide;
 It's all my own he says, soul take thy fill
 In pleasure's gales as suits a rich mans will;

Youth is the time, Oh heart! the pleasures kiss,
 Anticipate thy joys ere fancy's wish.
 And now he dances 'round in pleasures ring,
 For ever flying, ever on the wing,
 No rest for him, on earth, or sea, or air,
 His pleasures burden in a world of care,
 He flies along from north unto the south,
 And back again, as wild ducks or the grouse
 For ever flying, ever on the wing,
 Like dizzy ducks around in pleasure's ring
 His yachts they fly, propell'd from swelling sails,
 This week in Paris, and the next in Wales;
 On land they fly, like racers on the course,
 To kill dull time each has the swiftest horse;
 Some ride in chariots, some on horse-back run,
 And while they last, the wonder of the town,
 Their rattling chariots clash, their horses rear
 And springing forward, crowds of people stare;
 They wonder at their equipage so grand,
 Wonder of wonders in a foreign land;
 So on they ride on folly's crested waves,
 And thus ere long are found in early graves;
 Youth cannot save them, youth is now their foe,
 The more of wealth the quicker down they go;
 As is the ship, more full the swelling sail,
 In furious storm the timbers quicker fail,
 And soon they float on angry billows toss'd,
 The waves exulting 'round death's dreary coast.
 But is it thus young life is lost to view,
 When all the springs of life are fresh and new,
 When lifes young hopes are freighted mantling high,
 Fair as young morning in an Eden sky?
 Wrecked thus while boundless future wealth in store,
 Lost for this life and for the higher more,
 Lost to their friends, their country and to all,
 So high their height, so low is now their fall!
 And thus in reckless ways the nations fade,
 While virtue often withers in the shade,
 And while luxurians smile, the poor are scant,
 So high the palace splendors, hovels want,
 As in some lands the crowns are decked with gems,
 There, poor ones huddle, crouching in their pens,
 And children want for bread, a young child's right,
 While fields of wheat are waving in their sight;
 Here, while the heartless flaunt the silken dress,
 The needle woman wearied wears the less,
 Here, while the bloated mass of flesh swells proud,
 There, the poor bare bones waiting for his shroud;
 Here, while the stock up in the hundreds smile,
 The poor man trembling asks for leave to toil;
 Constituents here give candidates their votes
 And gaze amazed at the elected coats,

All for our Country's good to mend the State,
 Oh, let us thank them, if it's not too late!
 Thus fares the lands from luxuries and want,
 The poor ones fear, while vulgar rich ones vaunt;
 While it is well with such, it's very well,
 They toss their golden chains and laugh at hell,
 And virtues are but myths for simple fools,
 But sometimes handy, strictly used as tools
 To serve them in the business of the day,
 They serve them well, if virtues make it pay;
 But while this vaunting pride is crested high,
 Can feeling hearts laugh at the tinselled lie?
 Does craft and cunning rule, while talents hide
 Their heads in shame, to see their empty pride,
 To see the land in youth as old land goes,
 That now should bloom, fresh as the morning rose?
 Are social ties but isms of the day,
 Convenient for a twelve month or life's way?
 Commercial ties, are they but ties to last
 While in the haven, ships are anchored fast!
 Religion's well enough, these short sights say,
 But, question well their hearts, how will it pay?
 If not, they court fair gold and chat and laugh,
 They court fair virtue for the golden calf.
 And thus we go, the heart's springs muddy still,
 Man has a conscience, but he needs the will;
 When conscience withers like the desert grass,
 The will exulting, drives the man full fast,
 Nor troubles more, the man goes on his way
 From vaunting wealth, the gayest of the gay—
 'Till sapped his strength, nor vigor more to rise,
 Down, down he sinks, a broken ruin lies.
 But, is the blood of all the fathers lost?
 Do all the higher virtues yield the ghost?
 Are all the links now broke that tie the man,
 As social hearts from Mt. Tom to Japan?
 Will not the brother's hearts once more arise,
 And rise for joy to meet the other's eyes?
 Will not the day once more dawn on this earth
 When those estranged shall joy in decent mirth,
 As old folks say, as in the former years,
 When words of comfort dried the hopeless tears?
 They ask the generation that succeeds,
 If sacred words are now as broken reeds?
 If now a man's word's better than his note,
 And paid from honor, honored from words spoke?
 And many questions more they ask so fine
 From nine o'clock 'till its old folk's bed time!
 But this we think is but the darker side,
 Some flames of light are rising on life's tide,
 Some rays of light are streaming from life's sun,
 To make the nation's heart in time as one;

In all the imperial virtues as they rise
 Exalting nations to the fairer skies,
 When sleeping truth shall lift her head on high
 And smiling, trust the blessed day is nigh,
 As streams of light, e'en flashing in the night,
 To weary hearts, a welcome, welcome sight;
 The works of darkness fleeing fast away,
 Rejoicing in the world's better day,
 And wonder the Great Spirit bore so long
 With lower natures in their works of wrong;
 Destroying oft a brother for the gain,
 And bloated rich from hearty brothers slain,
 Man's God-like temple broken in the dust,
 And all to satisfy a raging lust
 Of money, brewed from the wormy still,
 To pamper more and more that fat man's till.
 But, is it thus the fathers fought and bled?
 Is virtue in the great Republic dead?
 Does drink sustain the Lion of the East,
 Degradating man to dignify the beast?
 And does the same, the Eagle of the West,
 A long-lived bird, if virtue builds the nest?
 Lords of the dust, if this ennobles man,
 I'll paint another, if my pencil can.
 In all God's goods rule by the Apostles' pen,
 Man's moderation known among all men,
 In all the Devil's goods let us abstain;
 Who wants to live in everlasting pain?
 Beware his wiles, look from the heart within,
 Nor trust your heart, so full of waifs of sin.
 Oh, that the people were as good as smart,
 Rejoicing in a reconstructed heart;
 A conscience, tender in the way of right,
 In Washington, Oh! what a lovely sight.
 Oh Senators! We hope, ere hopes are brown,
 You all will wear fair virtue's jewel'd crown.
 And will to go where reason's voice commands,
 And shrink to follow where the voice condemns.
 But may the father's blood sustain this vine
 Of their own planting, from the royal line.
 Hail glorious day, when fairer fruits shall grow
 Upon this vine, its branches hanging low,
 That beauteous day, when over God's green earth
 Man's reconstructed from the happier birth,
 When loaded hearts are lifted up for good,
 E'en hope exulting now in Angel's food!
 Hail brighter day! the world's age the last,
 'Though in the scarlet leaf the dye will last,
 As is the colors on the cherub's wing,
 In lovely bowers the fair ones then will sing
 Of blessed fruits our race has long since sought,
 But now is found, come see what God has wrought!

The life of souls is pleased as he hears
 Of hope's fruition in the latter years;
 Of leaping hopes seen leaping on life's tide,
 Our land redeemed is written by the scribe,
 Our banners waving in ethereal air,
 The goddess liberty looks fresh and fair,
 She smiles, while 'round her head the banners wave,
 Our soil is free, the truth strikes but to save.
 Land of the Western star, lift up your eyes,
 Prepare, be ready for the wondrous prize!
 The last, the best, the world's eyes will see,
 Time's clock is winding up for thee and me,
 Oh, let us linger not without life's sun,
 Joy may come forth before our world is done,
 We still will hope the virtues are not flown,
 Love conquers all and ever wears the crown.
 All hail that love that conquers but to bless!
 The nations all may shine, we love not less,
 The nations of the past have had their way,
 How some would joyed in the latter day?
 And is this Western star the last to glow
 Before a little Eden here below?
 Is this fair land the trial last on earth,
 Before the brighter dawn the happier birth,
 The planted vine, the last the spirit made
 To grow and bloom, or wither in the shade?
 Oh, strength of love! now take the nation's helm
 And guide us safe into the higher realm,
 And in the haven safe, to Thee the praise,
 Our only guide, the Ancient of Days.
 But now, as a traveller near his journey's end,
 He sees his little cottage near the bend—
 The day's well spent, another week to close,
 He rests content, in hopes of sweet repose;
 So I must rest my pen its weary course,
 Well pleased, soon to wipe my sweaty horse.
 Americans, accept the splendid prize,
 A wide extended land before your eyes;
 What noble rivers through its breadth and length!
 The ways of commerce are the nation's strength,
 The land is good and various as the wish,
 Its rivers full of tempting, speckled fish.
 Yes, rich and varied, well the nations know,
 All climes below its skies, all fruits here grow;
 A wide domain below the unwearied sun,
 But for the higher moral power, undone.
 And well we know the lessons of the past,
 The passions loose, the virtues cannot last,
 And down they sink into their early graves,
 As ships are ruined in the reckless waves—
 All wrecked for time, the ruins ever lies,
 Their mark of folly in the world's eyes.

Such is the past, man's heart is still the same,
It grows in virtue, or it sinks in shame,
And where there is life it never can stand still,
Conscience reproves, but Oh, how weak the will !
And thus at war, man's wretched in this state,
Reform at time begins, perhaps too late,
But now's the time, be not to-morrow wise,
The vine that leans on its own strength, it dies;
But on the Rock, we raging storms defy,
This Rock resists the billows and the sky.





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